

Find your Fate #1 - Jem!
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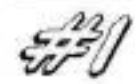
THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON YOU!

You are Jem—the hottest rock star around! You and your group, the Holograms, shot to the top of the rock charts and that's just where you have stayed—on top! But as famous as you are, almost no one knows your secret. You are really Jerica Benton, president of Starlight Music. The Jemstar earrings you always wear are actually mini-transmitters that connect to a super-advanced computer called Synergy. It is Synergy that creates the holographic images that transform you into the totally outrageous Jem.

As Jem, you will lead the glamorous life. Just read the story and follow the directions at the bottom of each page. Hurry up. Get started. It's showtime!



FIND YOUR FATE™



Jewels In The Dark

by Rusty Hallock

BALLANTINE BOOKS • NEW YORK

*For Eric Affabee—my college roommate,
mentor, protégé, and friend.*

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*Jewels
In The Dark*

The noise inside the Hard Rock Cafe is deafening, but who cares? Everyone in the place can feel the sparks of excitement. The lights flash and whirl as the jukebox blasts out your latest record. The dancing crowd loves it.

And all eyes are on you—Jem!

You're dancing on top of a platform. As you twist and turn, your satin jumpsuit and flying pink hair shine outrageously in the glare of the photographer's lights.

"Come on, Jem," shouts Richard Gilley, New York's top fashion photographer. He's watching your every move through his camera, and he's ready to start snapping pictures. "You're wearing five million dollars worth of jewels. Let me see a five million dollar smile!"

Suddenly you catch sight of yourself in a mirror. There it is—a golden necklace of the largest emeralds, rubies, and rare colored diamonds in the world, glowing around your neck. You still haven't gotten used to wearing the famous Langley Jewels!

"That's what I wanted, Jem," Richard calls when he sees the radiant smile spreading across your face.

In another month, every woman will be able to look in the mirror and smile, seeing herself in that necklace—in a way. That's because Mecca Jewelry is bringing out a collection of costume jewelry based on the famous Langley Jewels. And they're planning a big advertising campaign with magazine ads, TV commercials, and billboards—all starring *you*!

.....
Turn to page 2.

That's why you and your rock group, the Holograms, have come to New York City.

For the past three days, Richard Gilley has taken shots of you wearing the jewels everywhere—and with everything. You wore them with a fur coat, riding in a horse-drawn carriage in Central Park. And on a silk and lace gown as you danced down the middle of Fifth Avenue at midnight. And even with a baseball uniform at Yankee Stadium!

"Jem, take a breather," Richard shouts, turning off his lights and stopping the music. Then he calls to his assistant, Amanda, "Reload my cameras."

But before you can relax, you hear a loud crash as one of Richard's lights topples to the ground.

"Your stupid pictures need some Pizzazz—and I'll make sure you get it!" Uh-oh. Trouble has just walked into the Hard Rock Cafe. It's Pizzazz, the smart-mouthed leader of the group called the Misfits.

Here comes the rock trio that loves to hate you! Pizzazz, Roxy, and Stormer rudely push their way toward you. But in a flash your friends, Shana and Aja, and your sister, Kimber, are by your side.

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Go on to page 3.

"Is that your hair, Jem honey, or did you stick your head in a cotton candy machine?" Pizzazz snarls, twirling a string of black pearls in her fingers.

"What are *you* doing here, Pizzazz?" Shana asks angrily. "Groundhog Day is six months away."

"That's going to cost you," Pizzazz says, kicking over another one of Richard's lights.

"When the Misfits crash a party, something always gets broken!" Roxy laughs.

Anger turns your face as red as a perfect Langley ruby. The Misfits have a bad habit of following you everywhere and trying to make your life miserable.

You know that the people from Mecca Jewelry's ad agency, Manhattan Dreams, are watching you closely from a corner of the room. But so what! Maybe it's time to teach the Misfits a lesson.

.....
If you want to show Pizzazz that you won't put up with any more trouble, turn to page 9.

If you think you should hold your temper and keep the ad agency people happy, turn to page 13.

Back at the hotel, your three friends already know the bad news about the Langley Jewels. They're watching the eleven o'clock TV reports—and just as you walk in, Eric Raymond's face pops up on the screen. He's the snake who's supposed to be your partner, but he's promoting the Misfits instead.

"Are you saying that Jem is capable of stealing the Langley Jewels?" a TV reporter asks Eric.

"Everyone thinks Jem is Miss Goody Two Shoes," Eric says into the camera. "But I know she is capable of anything, absolutely anything."

"How can that low-life say those things?!" you shout.

Then the news anchorman comes back on. "On Saturday night, Pizzazz of the Misfits accused Jem of planning to steal the jewels and now the necklace is missing. We'll have a full report after these messages. . . ."

When the news is finally over, you know one thing for sure. Everyone in New York, even the police, think *you* stole the Langley Jewels. So you're going to have to solve this mystery yourself. But can you do it alone?

.....
If you want to look for the jewel thief yourself, turn to page 14.

If you want to hire a private detective to help you, turn to page 32.

When you walk into the hotel where the Misfits are staying, heads turn. "It's Jem," people say.

"I'm looking for the Misfits," you tell the desk clerk.

"After the things they said about you, I'll bet you are," he says. He smiles. Then he winks and tells you, "I heard they were going bargain-hunting downtown."

When you finally find them, the Misfits have taken over a second-hand clothing store. Pizzazz is modeling a battered, stained leather and fur coat. Roxy and Stormer like it.

"Do you think it's me?" Pizzazz asks the sales clerk.

"I don't think that rag is anyone," the clerk says.

"Sold!" says Pizzazz. "Wrap it. I'll take it."

Suddenly your eyes and Roxy's meet in the mirror. "Watch that girl," she says. "She's a shoplifter."

"Are you following us?" Stormer chimes in.

"I'll bet she's trying to find out our wardrobe secrets," Pizzazz says with a laugh.

"Wouldn't it be funny if I found a jeweled necklace, too," you say.

.....
Turn to page 39.

Bright and early the next morning the limo arrives to take you to the site of the last shoot—at an eighty-year-old mansion on Long Island. Shana, Aja, and Kimber aren't going on this one, so you kiss them good-bye and head for the door. You glance in the mirror, then touch your Jemstar earrings and say, "Showtime, Synergy." Instantly the holographic image appears, turning you into Jem!

An hour later, the limo pulls up at the mansion and you walk inside. But you're the last to arrive. The small library is already crowded with people, photography equipment, and lights.

Richard's assistant, Amanda, is helping him set everything up. The wealthy brother and sister who own the Langley Jewels—Gabriella and Charles Langley—are there watching. You met them for the first time at the party Saturday night, and now here they are again. And sitting in the corner, as always, are Margaret Draper and Gordon Walsh, the two people from the Manhattan Dreams ad agency.

"Okay, team!" Richard shouts, calling for everyone's attention. "I've got enough lights in here to make this little room hotter than an oven. The faster we do this, the faster we get out of here."

.....
Turn to page 21.

The maid's job sounds good. You'll be able to snoop into every corner of Briar House. The butler shows you to an enormous kitchen, and introduces you to a tall, middle-aged woman named Mrs. Hotchkiss. But she's too busy giving orders to other servants to talk to you now. It's clear that to win this job, the first thing you have to do is prove that you can keep up with her.

She stirs a pot of sauce and hands the spoon to you. You take a small taste. "Too much salt," you say.

Taking her own taste she says, "Not enough salt."

Then she moves to where a young man is arranging flowers. She steps in front of him and rearranges several of the stems. Then she looks at you. Without saying a word, you remove one flower and step back.

It's like a tennis game. You have to figure out what she expects you to do—and then fool her.

"Do you get along with people?" Mrs. Hotchkiss asks.

"Some people say that I work too hard and don't cut enough corners," you say with self-assured modesty.

"We'll see about that," she says, finally smiling.

You've won the match and the job—and the chance to get an insider's look at Gabriella Langley.

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Turn to page 19.

Within six months you're married to Dr. Mason. The two of you move to Australia and begin a wonderful new life in an exciting foreign country. You never regain your memory and you never see the Holograms again. But that doesn't really matter because you're fabulously happy right where you are.

THE END

The Misfits have caused enough problems for you. Now you're going to cause a few problems for them, in spite of the fact that half the Manhattan Dreams ad agency and all of the people at the cafe are watching you. A quick swing of your arm causes Pizzazz to back away. She trips over her five-inch heels and goes flying.

"You can't make a fool out of me!" Pizzazz shouts.

"No—you can do that yourself!" you answer back.

The crowd laughs and the defeated Misfits slink away.

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Turn to page 66.

Charles Langley is an easy person to follow, even in a crowd, because he is forever clearing his throat in a way that sounds like a buzz saw through wood.

Charles seldom ventures out of his fabulous Long Island estate, Briar House, but the day you decide to follow him, he's packed and ready to leave. And from the number of suitcases, it looks like he's going away for a long time.

Your limo follows his to the piers on the west side of New York City, where he boards a ship.

What's going on? A sudden urge for a pleasure cruise? It's not likely, knowing Charles. What is *more* likely is that he's trying to disappear with the Langley Jewels!

You board the ship, ready to do a quick search of Charles's room before he sets sail. But as soon as you find his cabin, the boat whistle blasts and the ship moves away from the dock.

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Turn to page 28.

"If we start breaking into cars, we're no better than the Misfits," you say, jumping into the back of your limo.

Two minutes later, you're talking to Lt. Henderson on your car phone, explaining to him what you've discovered.

"I can't exactly *prove* that Richard and Gabriella stole the necklace," you admit. "But she has two airline tickets and he's got a car full of suitcases."

The lieutenant is quiet. Doesn't he believe you?

"Okay, Jem," Lt. Henderson says, "it adds up in my book."

You sigh with relief—but the relief doesn't last long. Kimber, sitting next to you, starts poking your side and pointing at something.

"We don't usually get that kind of detective work from a civilian," the lieutenant goes on—and on. "Police work is not glamorous, you know. It's a lot of late nights and—"

"Lieutenant, the situation has changed," you interrupt. "Richard and Gabriella just left the restaurant and drove off in their car. What should we do?"

"First thing I'd do is tell your chauffeur to start your engine. That'll make following their car a lot easier."

.....
Turn to page 24.

The security officer takes every suitcase tagged for Greece off the cart. When he comes to five matching alligator-skin valises you shout, "We've got 'em. Those are her suitcases!"

Then while you hold the flashlight, the officer searches through the bags thoroughly. And finds *nothing*.

"You know, if I'm going to arrest you for starting all this trouble, I'd better hurry," he says. "Because when my boss finds out about this, I'm going to lose my job."

"Let's board the plane and search Gabriella, *please*," you say. But try as you might, you can't convince him that the jewels are on board.

Too bad. Because you're right. The jewels *are* on board, but not in the luggage—which is all we'll say.

.....
Turn to page 40.

If you blow your top at Pizzazz, you just might be blowing your job, too. This is not the time or place to teach the Misfits anything. "Come on," you say, turning your back on the Misfits. "We've got work to do."

Then the Hard Rock's bouncer shows Pizzazz to the front door—and slams it shut with a bang.

For the rest of the week, Richard clicks off shots of you and the Langley Jewels in New York's most beautiful settings—the Museum of Modern Art, the fountain at Lincoln Center, and the top of the Empire State Building. Sometimes you're photographed with the Holograms behind you and sometimes you're the only attraction.

Finally Saturday night comes—the night of the big publicity party. You arrive dressed in an exquisite evening gown covered with hand-sewn pearls. Around your neck, as always, are the priceless Langley Jewels.

Just as a tall man wearing a white tuxedo steps to the microphone to introduce you, a hand in an arm-length leopard-skin glove pushes him away. Only one person would come to this affair in gloves like that—Pizzazz.

"We're the Misfits," she says loudly into the microphone. "And we have an announcement. Listen!"

.....
Turn to page 18.

Okay, so you're going to solve the mystery of the jewels in the dark yourself. But first you've got to cool out. And you do that best in a hot bath.

"Jerrica, we're sisters and you know I love you, but . . ." Kimber says, looking in the bathroom mirror, "how can you stand to eat pizza in a bubble bath?"

"It helps me think," you say, letting your shoulders slip under the suds and sinking your teeth into your second slice.

"That's not a tub. It qualifies as a pool," Shana says, stealing a sip from your can of diet soda.

By the time you and the Holograms have finished the pizza, you're ready to map out a plan of attack.

"Let's make a list of all the suspects who were there when the necklace was stolen," Kimber says. She writes RICHARD on the mirror with lipstick.

"Richard has potential," you say. "He's been grumbling all week about not getting paid enough for this assignment."

"Well, maybe he made sure the fuse blew and the lights went out," Aja says, turning out the lights in the bathroom with a laugh.

.....
Turn to page 27.

"Listen, hon," Pizzazz says, "we didn't steal *anything*. The night of the robbery, we were filming a music video. We've got fifty witnesses. And our new song, 'Hit Me with a Cheap Shot,' is going to wipe *you* off the charts!"

With that, Pizzazz leaves. And you are Bruno's prisoner, in the empty loft. He growls at you again.

"If you try to run, I'll break your legs. If you try to scream, I'll choke you," he says. "If you try to use the phone, I'll break your legs."

"You already said you'd break my legs."

"I like breaking legs the best," Bruno says. "Now let's play some Scrabble."

.....
Turn to page 58.

Richard's much too interested in snapping pictures of Lance Pistol and the Statue of Liberty to talk to you. Obviously, he thinks he can put Jerrica Benton on hold. But Jem can cut through his busy signal. So you slip into a restroom and when it's empty, give the command: "Showtime, Synergy." Suddenly your blue jeans turn to black satin pants and your pastel tank top turns bright and iridescent.

.....
Turn to page 33.

For a moment, everything on the plane is quiet. Then you break the silence.

"What hurts is that you didn't care how many innocent people's lives would have been ruined," you say bitterly.

"I didn't care at the time," Gabriella says, biting her lower lip nervously. "But now I'm very sorry about what almost happened to your reputation, Jem."

Later, after Gabriella and Richard are tucked away in jail, the jewels which almost ruined your life shine on. With all the splashy headlines, Mecca Jewelry's costume line becomes the hot item of the year. And the biggest selling poster of the season is the one showing you sitting on a museum display case. You're wearing the Langley necklace, of course, and the headline says: JEM OUTSHINES THEM ALL!

THE END

It's just like the Misfits to crash an important party like this. For a moment, Pizzazz just stands in the spotlight, watching the crowd and popping her gum in the microphone.

"You think Jem's really hot, don't you? Well, I've got news for you. She's gonna *steal* the Langley Jewels and keep 'em for herself! So *watch* her."

Then she tosses the mike aside with a crash and walks off the stage. The audience is stunned into silence.

"You're really twisted," you say, nose to nose with Pizzazz in the doorway.

But Pizzazz only laughs as the police drag her and the other Misfits out of the hotel.

"Those girls could ruin a skunk's reputation," says a voice behind you.

When you turn around, there's the handsome face of David Michael Springer, the only pop star with as many records on the charts as you this year.

"Forget the Misfits," says David Michael. "My band and I are starting a new world tour tomorrow. Why don't you come with me? We could tour together!"

.....
If you want to tour with Springer, turn to page 68.

If you want to stay in New York and promote the Langley Jewels, turn to page 25.

Mrs. Hotchkiss takes you on a tour of the Langley mansion, beginning with the main floor. Parlor, living room, dining room, vestibule—wait! What's that fascinating piece of evidence on a small table by the front door? It looks like two airline tickets to Greece. Gabriella Langley's name is written on one, but Mrs. Hotchkiss is moving so fast, you can't see the name on the second one.

Next you pass by the library, and if you're not mistaken, you can hear voices through the partially open door. You don't know what they're saying, but you wish Mrs. Hotchkiss would disappear so you could eavesdrop.

Just then the phone rings and Mrs. Hotchkiss rushes away at top speed to answer it.

.....
If you want to eavesdrop on the voices in the library, turn to page 53.

If you want to pick up an extension and listen to Mrs. Hotchkiss's telephone call, turn to page 71.

"Stop the plane!" you shout at the flight attendants as you dash on board the jet. You're a wild sight, running at top speed through the plane, your pink hair blowing behind. In the last row of seats, you find your thieves. "You stole the Langley Jewels!" you shout.

"This is an outrage!" Gabriella shouts. "How dare you accuse me? Get this deranged girl off the plane!"

"Where's your proof?" Richard says.

Proof—proof. Think quick. The other passengers are eager to take off.

"I'll show you my proof—uh, when the police get here!" you say with an uneasy smile.

Amanda powders down your makeup and then Richard adds the final touch—the heavy jewels around your neck. The ten matchless rubies in the necklace gleam against the green silk blouse that falls over the top of your black toreador pants.

Richard places you against a wall of leather-bound books while Amanda draws the heavy velvet drapes across the floor-to-ceiling windows of the library.

"Let's go for it!" Richard says, flipping a switch to turn on all of his spotlights. The bright lights come on and then there's a popping sound. Suddenly, the room is totally black.

"Rats! I blew a fuse," Richard says. "Come on, Amanda, where are you? Open the drapes so we can see."

For some reason, the drapes don't open immediately. But you don't need eyes to sense that someone is standing near you in the dark. In fact, you can feel warm breath on your face. What's going on? You have a chilling feeling that something awful is about to happen. All at once there are hands around your throat! Then something pinches your neck.

Finally Amanda pulls back the heavy curtains and sunlight fills the room.

"Oh no!" Gabriella screams in horror. "The jewels!"

You raise your hands to your neck and feel only soft skin. The necklace is gone!

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Turn to page 41.

.....
Turn to page 38.

The days drag on—like the Scrabble games.

"I'm tired of playing games," you say, pushing the Scrabble board at Bruno. "Bruno, I make a lot of money. Let me go and I'll write you a big check."

"I make more than you do," Bruno says with a yawn. "I'm wrestling the champ next month for the title."

"I'll give you a lifetime pass to all Jem concerts!"

"I'll pass on that, too," Bruno says. "For me, music is either Beethoven or it's baloney."

"It's bad enough that you're keeping me a prisoner. You don't have to hurt my feelings, too," you say, pouting.

"Sorry," Bruno says. "Hey, do you want to see me crack walnuts while they're still in the can?"

"No," you say, jumping to your feet with such a great idea that you can hardly keep it to yourself. "I'm hungry."

"I could use a snack too," he says. "I'll be back in a flash." He locks the door on his way out.

As soon as he leaves, you touch your earrings and give the command to your computer, Synergy. "Show's over," you say. And you can feel the hologram of Jem disappearing, leaving Jerrica Benton standing in the loft.

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Turn to page 47.

Your investigation of Richard has taken you to the Statue of Liberty. The area is abuzz with sightseers, but hardly anyone is looking at Miss Liberty. Almost everyone is gawking at Mr. Macho, better known as Lance Pistol. Rock-video's bad boy has taken over Liberty Island to film his newest video.

While the cameras roll, Richard stands off to the side and snaps stills. You have to be fast to photograph Lance Pistol. Otherwise you just end up with a lot of shots of him sticking his tongue out at the camera.

"Richard," you say, standing behind him.

"Can't talk now. Working," Richard says.

Suddenly he turns to stare at you. "Don't I know you?"

"I'm Jerrica," you say. "I want to be a model."

"You *could* be a great model," Richard says. "There's something very familiar about you." He takes his card from his camera bag on the ground and says, "Come to my studio on Friday." Then he turns back to Lance and ignores you.

Richard no longer knows Jerrica is alive. But maybe you still can do some investigating while you're here.

.....
If you want to chat with Richard's assistant, Amanda, turn to page 61.

If you want to change into Jem to get Richard's attention, turn to page 16.

A car chase through New York City takes hours because traffic lights stop you every four blocks.

At one light a man in scruffy clothes steps in front of your car. "Clean your windshield for a buck?" he asks.

Your chauffeur shakes his head, but he can't drive away because the man won't move.

"Clean your mirrors? Clean your hood ornament? Clean your hubcaps? Clean your sunglasses?"

Finally Kimber can't take it anymore. "Let him clean something or we'll be here all night!" she says.

"Lieutenant," you say into the telephone, "I've got bad news and good news. They just got away from us. But at least we saw them make the turnoff to Kennedy Airport!"

"I'm on my way," Lt. Henderson says. "If you get there first, do anything you can to stop them!"

You finally arrive at the airport with beautifully clean headlights just as Gabriella and Richard's flight is about to take off.

.....
If you want to board the plane and try to keep it from taking off, turn to page 69.

If you think the jewels are in a suitcase, intercept Gabriella's luggage on page 50.

A tour with David Michael Springer could be the time of your life. Then again, so is representing the Langley Jewels. You'd rather be the main attraction in New York than share the stage with David's band.

"Maybe next time," you tell him. Then you disappear into the party to give interviews.

Late the next afternoon, you're thinking about the party and missing Rio, the special guy in your life.

"I wish Rio had been there," you tell your sister, Kimber. "He would have loved it. But he's still tied up in L.A. trying to get our next album mixed. Hey, Kimber, you aren't listening!" you say suddenly. "Where are you?"

"On tour with David Michael Springer," she answers dreamily.

Let her dream, you decide. After all, it's nice to be left alone in your own little dream world for awhile. You're enjoying just being yourself for a change—Jem's other half, Jerrica Benton. Tomorrow, it's back to the photography grind for one more big shoot. Then you'll say the familiar words that tell Synergy, your super-sophisticated computer, to change you into Jem. But for now it's quiet time.

So you turn on the TV and then call up room service to order a big plate of nachos, your favorite snack.

.....
Turn to page 6.

A half hour later, Charles lets a Lt. Henderson into the locked room. For hours he takes statements from each of you. Then, one by one, you, Amanda, Gabriella, and Margaret are taken to another part of the mansion to be searched by one of the women police officers. Richard, Charles, and Gordon are searched by the lieutenant himself.

To everyone's surprise, the police find nothing on any of the suspects or in the room!

"No one went in or out of the library, but the jewels take a hike," the police officer says. "Unbelievable. Okay, I can't hold any of you beautiful people tonight. But I'm watching you. We'll talk again real soon."

Turn to page 4.

"Turn on those lights," you tell Aja from your bubble bath. This is not the time for games. You've got to think! Could Richard really be the thief?

"The mansion lights were out for only a minute," you say. "Richard would have to be a track star with cat's eyes to grab the jewels and get back to his camera that quickly."

So Kimber writes AMANDA on the mirror. "Don't forget I caught her stealing your lip gloss last week," Kimber says.

No, you haven't forgotten. And you haven't forgotten that it took Amanda a long time to open the drapes to let the light in. What was she doing before that?

Next Kimber writes down the ad agency people, Margaret Draper and Gordon Walsh. "They were very upset by the robbery," you tell your friends.

"Maybe they were faking it," Shana says, drawing question marks by their names.

"You can add the Langleys to the list," you say. "But why would they steal their own jewels?"

"And last and definitely least . . ." Kimber says, writing THE MISFITS on the mirror.

"The Misfits weren't even there!" you laugh.

"I don't care if they weren't in the room," Aja says. "They're at the top of *my* list."

Turn to page 29.

Well, you're off on an unexpected cruise. Hope you packed your woolies, because you're headed for Antarctica. You'll be gone for six months. That's plenty of time to search Charles's cabin and find out that he didn't steal the Langley Jewels—and plenty of time to be driven to near madness by Charles and the way he loves to clear his throat.

THE—ahem, ahem, cough, cough—END

Later that night, you can't sleep. You stand at a window of your hotel suite, looking down on New York City. If the crowds of reporters and curious fans waiting outside the Plaza Hotel could see you, you'd look like a sad Christmas tree angel, chilly in your flowing blue nightgown and robe. A few days ago Manhattan had gone Jem crazy. Now, all anyone wants to know is, are you the thief?

Before turning out the lights and going to bed, you look at the lipstick list on the bathroom mirror once more. Someone on that list stole the priceless necklace. Worse than that, he or she stole your priceless reputation.

After a good night's sleep, you know you'll be able to decide whom to follow first.

.....
If you want to follow Richard, the photographer, turn to page 62.

If you want to follow Amanda, turn to page 37.

If you want to follow the ad agency people, turn to page 63.

If you want to follow Charles Langley, turn to page 10.

If you want to follow Gabriella Langley, turn to page 70.

If you want to follow the Misfits, turn to page 5.

Gabriella pushes you aside and begins to dig through one of her suitcases like a crazed terrier. She doesn't even think about the dozens of witnesses pouring out of the River Cafe to watch. Angry and fed up, you pull her back to her feet.

"I didn't steal your necklace the first time—you did!" you yell at the top of your lungs. "And you just admitted it. Why else would you be looking for it in your own suitcase now?"

But Gabriella twists away from you. She throws another suitcase down on the ground and begins searching through it. "It's not here. It's not here. It's not here," she repeats over and over like a locomotive picking up speed. Frantically she tosses everything into the air and onto the ground.

Kimber suddenly notices an envelope which Gabriella has thrown from the suitcase.

"This envelope has your name on it," Kimber says, picking it up and handing it to Gabriella. "It could be important."

While Lance continues his rock 'n' roll waltz with Miss Liberty, Richard captures the action with his motor-drive Nikon. Meanwhile you snoop around Richard's camera bag and spot his appointment book lying on top. You quickly flip through the pages and discover that tonight he's having dinner at the River Cafe at eight o'clock. It must be a special evening because it's circled in red.

Maybe he's meeting his partner in crime! You hurry back to your hotel and tell the Holograms to get dressed in their evening best.

"Go out tonight? How? We're taping the *Joe Frankel Talk Hour*," Aja reminds you.

"We'll have to talk fast," you say.

Joe Frankel has been in television longer than all the Holograms put together have been alive. And he's about as in touch with pop music as Morris the Cat. So he asks a lot of questions like, "How does it feel to have funny-colored hair?" But the four of you look great on camera, all wearing the same dress but with different colored stockings—Kimber's idea.

After the show's over, you jump into your limo and head for the base of the Brooklyn Bridge where the fancy River Cafe is located.

.....
Turn to page 65.

.....
Turn to page 34.

Hiring a professional to solve this case and clear your name is the most sensible thing to do. After all, you're not a detective and this isn't an Agatha Christie novel.

So after running one long, manicured fingernail down the list of private investigators in the Yellow Pages, you call someone named Harry Knox.

"Don't worry," he says after listening to your story. "I won't even raise a sweat solving this one."

You emerge from the restroom as Jem. But before you can find Richard, a familiar hand touches your shoulder.

"Rio!" you say, facing the dark-haired smiling young man who means so much to both Jerrica and Jem. "What are *you* doing here?" you both say at the same time and then smile.

"I just got in from the Coast," he says. "Those robbery headlines really freaked me. I called your hotel when I touched down. But Aja said *Jerrica* was here."

"Jerrica's . . . uh, climbing the Statue of Liberty," you lie. This isn't the time or place to tell him the truth.

Rio has only two hours before he has to hop another jet to set up your concerts in Japan. He really wants to know what's going on and to make sure you're all right. But what about Richard and the jewels? Don't worry. You can take a couple hours off to be with Rio. The jewels will stay right where they are—until *you* find them.

THE END

.....
Turn to page 49.

At 8:45 P. M., you and the Holograms finally push into the crowded River Cafe and elbow your way to the front of the line. At last you have a clear view of the large candlelit dining room. Its large windows overlook the East River with Manhattan on the other side. But those aren't the sights you want to see. It's Richard Gilley you've come to watch.

"There he is," Aja says.

"Knowing him, he probably dragged his assistant here to wipe his mouth," Shana says.

"His date has her back to us. I can't see her face," you say.

All you can see is that she is wearing a puffy red wig. Then you can't even see that. A sea of people closes around you, pulling you in every direction.

"It's Jem and the Holograms!" they squeal.

"Can I have your autographs?"

"Hey, Betty, take a picture of me with the Holograms!"

"I have all of your records."

"Would you sign my cast?"

"What's Joe Frankel really like?"

.....
If you want to sign autographs, turn to page 54.

If you get nervous in crowds, turn to page 60.

After three days of this, you give up on them.

"All they ever talk about is the advertising business!" you say, eavesdropping from a nearby booth. "I don't think they can tell us a thing about the robbery."

"Besides," Shana complains, "we've all gained five pounds hanging out in so many restaurants!"

.....
After a rigorous aerobics workout at the gym, you go back to page 29 and choose another suspect to follow.

The next night, Stormer is guarding you alone in the locked loft. You're eating dinner—and trying to convince Stormer to let you out of that room.

"I'm not hungry," you say. "You want my burger?"

"I'm a vegetarian," Stormer says. "I don't believe in killing animals. Hey, Pizzazz said not to talk to you."

Pizzazz knows Stormer well enough to realize that she has a weak spot. Hidden away secretly, Stormer still has a heart. With a little digging, you might be able to find it.

"Don't you think it's hypocritical to care about hurting animals and not about hurting people?" you ask.

"I don't hurt people. I just play music," she says.

"You think kidnapping me doesn't hurt me?"

"We're not kidnapping you," Stormer says, twisting her violet hair in her fingers. "You're trying to confuse me."

"I'm trying to un-confuse you, Stormer. What you're doing is wrong," you say while she slowly nods her head.

Finally Stormer lets you go after you promise not to bring charges against the Misfits. Then you rush back to the hotel and explain your disappearance to your friends. It feels so good to be back in your own world again!

.....
Get a good night's sleep and then follow someone else on page 29.

Early the next morning, you and Kimber are waiting outside Amanda's apartment building.

Without the holographic images supplied by Synergy, you and Kimber look like ordinary girls, not famous rock stars. But just to make sure Amanda doesn't recognize you, you're wearing a 1950s disguise. It consists of heart-shaped sunglasses, a yellow trenchcoat, and a bright flowered scarf tying back your hair.

But Amanda's disguise is even more surprising.

"That's Amanda?" Kimber says too loudly. "She's dressed like a boy!"

You and Kimber watch as Amanda darts down the street. She's wearing blue jeans, a big baggy cable sweater, and a Mets baseball cap to hide her long brown hair. Strapped to her back is a full, lumpy backpack.

"Why is she in such a hurry?" you wonder out loud.

"And what's in that backpack?" Kimber asks.

"Maybe she's leaving the country with the Langley Jewels," you say, quickly following Amanda down into a subway station.

.....
Turn to page 44.

While the lights were out, the jewels disappeared! Charles Langley, his face pale as ivory, locks the library door. "No one leaves the room!" he shouts. He pounds on the door and orders the servants to call for the police.

"You're bleeding," Amanda says, wiping a drop of blood off your neck. Drops of real blood where before there were blood-red rubies! You can't speak. Can this really be happening?

.....
Turn to page 26.

You follow the Misfits out of the store and don't even try to hide the fact that you're on their tail all day. But you don't get much chance to investigate until they go on stage that night—to give a concert in Madison Square Garden. Then you sneak into their dressing room backstage.

It doesn't take long for you to find a handwritten note that says: \$200,000—34 SPRING STREET—2 A.M.

Maybe they're going to sell the jewels there, you think.

You just found an important clue. Now you've got to get out of there before someone comes. You turn around and walk right into Eric Raymond, who is standing in the doorway.

"Evening, Jem," he says without a smile. "Busy planting evidence that the Misfits stole *your* hot necklace?"

"I didn't steal the necklace and you know it," you say.

"Jem, I'll be willing to forget I caught you sneaking around my girls' dressing room," Eric says, "if you'll go on stage and sing with them right now. How about making some music history?"

You can't think of anything you want to do less. But Eric will make trouble for you if you don't. So what do you do?

.....
If you decide to sing with the Misfits, turn to page 67.
If you decide you'd better follow up on the address you found, say "good-bye" to Eric and turn to page 55.

Although the jewels are never recovered, Richard and Gabriella's sudden disappearance convinces the police and the public that you are totally innocent. Of course with all the bad press, Mecca Jewelry cancels its advertising campaign. But is this a blow to your ego? Does it put a crimp in your style? No way. It just means you and the Holograms have more time to do what you love best—rock 'n' roll!

THE END

The other passengers on the plane are just about ready to throw you off and get the aircraft flying when Lt. Henderson shows up.

"Sorry for the inconvenience, folks," he says without much enthusiasm, "Now what's going on here?"

"Arrest them both," you tell him. "Richard overloaded the circuits on purpose. The lights went out and Gabriella pulled the necklace off my neck."

"That's a good theory, Jem. I thought of it myself," Lt. Henderson says. "But I've got to have the jewels before I arrest anyone."

"Well I don't have them. You can search me if you want to. I don't care," Gabriella says confidently.

"Me, too," Richard adds.

"I've been up this creek before," the lieutenant sighs. "I searched everyone the night of the robbery and found nothing. I'm afraid we don't know any more than we knew that night."

"Wait a minute! Yes, we do!" you shout, clapping your hands together. "We know that Gabriella wears wigs!"

"Ridiculous," Gabriella snaps, standing up.

In an instant, you pull off Gabriella's red wig. She screams, and the fabulous necklace clatters to the floor.

.....
Turn to page 56.

Luckily Mrs. Hotchkiss returns just in time to explain to Gabriella why you're hanging around outside the library. Then she proceeds with the tour of the house, ending up in the east wing. There she opens the door of a large room filled with antique French furniture and dozens of closets.

"This is Gabriella's room," Mrs. Hotchkiss says. "A place for everything and everything in its place."

She opens closet after closet—one for shoes, one for dresses, one for coats, one for nightgowns, and even one with wigs.

"What's the puffy red wig for?" you ask.

"You should know better than to ask personal questions," she says, looking at you suspiciously.

You've heard enough, you've seen enough, and you've had enough of being a maid.

"Actually, Mrs. Hotchkiss," you say, "this job is too much work for me. The house is bigger than I thought, and anyway I'm allergic to artificial hair."

With that, you make a hasty exit.

.....
If you know why the puffy red wig is important, you already know what to do. So do it!

If you don't know, then turn to page 64.

The fire escape looks old and dangerous. You better not climb around on it. But maybe you can get help anyway. You slide open a window and lean out into the warm night air. The street below is deserted except for a man standing by a new Saab Turbo.

"Hey, you," you call to the man. When he turns to look up you shout, "Call the police!"

"Me? No way!" he says.

"But I'm trapped up here!" you shout.

"Well, *I'm* breaking into this car. So shut up and leave me alone," he says rudely.

Never mind him. You're going to have company soon enough. You hear a key in the lock and the door begins to open.

.....
Turn to page 59.

Eight subway stops and a bus ride later, you and Kimber follow Amanda into Belmont Racetrack. There, she looks over her shoulder before slipping into the jockeys' locker room. When she comes out, she's wearing a purple and white silk uniform, with her long hair tucked under the cap. Anyone who didn't know better would think she was a boy.

For the next hour Amanda rides a beautiful brown thoroughbred horse around the track—faster and faster until rider and horse become a brown, purple, and white blur.

Afterwards, her face sweaty and muddy but filled with excitement, Amanda leaves the horse to its trainer and returns to the empty locker room. But by that time, you have already changed in the locker room—into Jem!

"Jem? Kimber?" Amanda says with surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"I didn't know you rode horses—as a boy," you say.

"Women still have a tough time making it as jockeys," Amanda says, slapping her riding crop against her thigh. "I've got to show them that I can ride first. Then I'll show them I've got long hair and painted nails, too."

Her hands, like her voice, are shaking.

"What other secrets are you hiding, Amanda?" you ask.

"Jem! We've been looking everywhere for you," says the police chief stepping forward.

But it's not what you think. The police have solved the case of the Langley Jewels, and they've come to apologize for ever suspecting you! However, you'll have to wait for the eleven o'clock news if you want to find out who did it!

THE END

.....
Turn to page 52.

"It's *Gabriella*!" you reveal. "I saw that same red wig in her closet. I also saw *two* tickets to Greece. I'll bet they're for Richard and her."

"But Jem, that doesn't prove they stole the jewels," Aja says. "And it's no crime to leave the country."

"Yeah, all we've really found out tonight is that Richard is having dinner with Gabriella and that she buys cheap wigs," Shana says.

"Okay, I guess I can't prove that Richard and Gabriella are thieves—yet," you admit, sitting down on the hood of a car in the parking lot. "But I'm still sure of it."

"We need a plan," Aja says.

"Let's trip her when she comes out of the restaurant. Maybe the jewels will fall out of her bag," Kimber says.

The less said about that plan the better, you decide.

"Hey—that's Richard's car over there!" Shana says.

"A golden opportunity," you say, snapping your fingers.

.....
If you want to search Richard's car, turn to page 57.

If you want to call the police, turn to page 11.

Bruno unlocks the loft door and comes in carrying half a dozen pizzas. But he drops them on the floor in a gooey mess when he finds Jerrica inside instead of Jem.

"Did you see a young woman about your height, your weight, and your muscle tone, but with a lot of wild pink hair and crazy clothes?" he asks, looking around the empty loft. "I'm supposed to be keeping an eye on her."

"I did see her," you say. "But if you want to keep an eye on her, you'll have to do it outside. I let her go."

"Uh-oh," Bruno says and dashes out of the loft.

As soon as the coast is clear, you rush out of the building and hop a cab, heading for the Plaza Hotel.

Just before you unlock the door, you turn back into Jem. Then you walk in—only to find the room filled with police.

.....
Turn to page 45.

Whoever trapped you in the Spring Street loft has underestimated your courage. An unlocked window and a rickety fire escape add up to an easy out. Unfortunately *you* have underestimated the fire escape's need for repair. Your foot slips on a bent step and you tumble down to the ground, hitting your head.

The last thing you remember before you black out is Synergy turning off the hologram image that makes you Jem.

When you wake up, a handsome young doctor is standing by your hospital bed. His name tag says: DR. MASON.

"Where am I?" you ask.

"I know *where* you are. But I don't know *who* you are," Dr. Mason says. "You had no wallet when you were admitted."

"I don't know who I am either," you say.

The knock on your head has given you amnesia. You don't remember a thing about the fire escape with the bent step, the Langley Jewels, the Misfits, or the Holograms.

In less than two days, Harry Knox comes to your suite in the Plaza Hotel and announces that he knows who the real thief of the Langley Jewels is.

"It's *you*! he says. "You're taking the fall. Hope you know how to pack a parachute."

Before you can say anything, the police rush in and drag you away. They're completely convinced that Knox is telling the truth.

How could this happen after you placed all your trust in this man? Because the real thief put \$10,000 in his hands to plant evidence against you.

Unfortunately, it's not always sensible to do the most obviously sensible thing. See you in twenty years, Jem.

THE END

.....
Turn to page 8.

If Gabriella hid the stolen necklace on her body, the airport officials will find it. But they might miss it if it's packed away in her bags. That's where you'll look.

Inside the terminal, you run up to the first uniformed airport security officer you find. "Officer!" you say wildly. "You've got to help me!"

The officer looks about your age. "Hey, you're Jem," he says. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm after the Langley Jewels," you say.

"So is every cop in the city," the officer says.

"But I know where they are," you say. "They're in a bag that is being loaded onto Flight 238 for Greece right this minute. We've got to get it. Instantly!"

"Okay, come on!" he says pulling you onto an electric cart and driving crazily down the terminal halls.

When you come to double swinging doors marked LUGGAGE HANDLERS ONLY, he doesn't stop. He crashes right through and races out onto the runway to catch up with the string of trucks hauling luggage to a waiting jet. He screeches to a stop right in front of the trucks.

"Hold it! Police business!" the officer shouts.

Who wants to be a maid and spend hours cleaning? You'll go for the social secretary's job. After three hours of waiting, Gabriella finally interviews you.

Using the name Gwen Spring, you answer her questions confidently but not too confidently. Suddenly the telephone rings.

"Answer that, please, Gwen," Gabriella says.

Obviously this is a test.

It's a TV reporter calling and she wants an exclusive interview about the stolen jewels. You say, "Miss Langley does not give interviews. She will issue statements about the robbery once a day. Thank you for calling."

"You handled that very well, Gwen," Gabriella says. "I've just about decided to hire you. But first tell me this: Do you speak French, Russian, and Japanese?" No. "At a formal dinner, do you know a fruit knife from a fish knife?" No.

"But I could learn," you say, smiling.

Gabriella is certain that you can—but not on *her* time. She wishes you good luck and good day.

Next time you snoop around Briar House, you'll either have to learn French, Russian, Japanese, and fruit knives—or you'll have to find *another* way in!

THE END

.....
Turn to page 12.

"What do you mean?" Amanda asks nervously.

"A couple of days ago," Kimber says, "I saw you steal one of Jem's lipsticks. Have you stolen anything else lately, Amanda? Like some jewels?"

Amanda sits down on the bench next to her pile of clothes. From the pocket of her blue jeans she removes the tube of lipstick. "I know it was wrong to take this," she says, handing it to Jem. "I wanted a keepsake of my favorite band, that's all. But I wouldn't steal a ruby necklace. I'm going to be rich and famous, but I'm going to earn it myself—as a jockey."

You smile, pushing the lipstick back into Amanda's hand. "Keep it—for luck," you say.

Obviously, you've decided you believe Amanda.

"We'll keep your secret," Kimber says. "But, if I could ride like that, I'd want people to know who they're watching."

Amanda lifts her hat and lets her brown hair fall across her shoulders. "Thanks," she says as you leave.

Well, if you don't think Amanda did it, who did?

Turn back to page 29 and choose again.

Those voices in the library sound interesting so you move close to the slightly open door.

"I'm sorry, Miss Langley, but you'll just have to be more patient," says an unseen man behind the door.

"And precisely why should my brother and I be more patient than we have been, Mr. Paxton?" Gabriella asks.

"I didn't say you and your brother. I said *you*," Mr. Paxton replies. "Charles hasn't been bothering me every day about when my insurance company is going to pay off for the theft of your jewels. But you have. So I'll tell you again that the insurance company is not going to pay out five million dollars until we've completed a thorough investigation."

"Hasn't it been done by now?" Gabriella asks.

"We're still checking out certain suspects—you among them," Mr. Paxton says bluntly.

You hear Gabriella take a quick breath.

"Let's face facts," Mr. Paxton says. "It's possible you stole your own necklace to collect the insurance. That way you could have your cake and eat it too."

"That is quite enough," Gabriella says coldly. "The butler will show you out."

You hear Mr. Paxton get up to leave—and you're just outside the door!

Turn to page 42.

Because your fans are important to you, you sign the autographs, answer the questions, and pose for the pictures. It takes only twenty minutes.

But those are a crucial twenty minutes. Because when you finally get free and make a dash for Richard's table, he and his date are gone.

"He was here, all right," Shana snorts. "I can tell from the \$1.25 tip the cheapskate left."

"Richard and his date must have been the only people in the restaurant who saw us and ran the *other* way," you say. Your hand is sore with writer's cramp.

Writer's cramp and perpetual white spots in your eyes from flash bulbs may be the down side of fame sometimes. But usually it's a small price to pay for the adoration and loyalty of fans. Except tonight. Tonight Richard has gotten away, and your fans have cost you the solution to the theft of the Langley Jewels. You'll have to be luckier—and trickier, too—next time.

THE END

Ignoring Raymond, you quickly pocket the piece of paper with the address and make a speedy exit.

The building at 34 Spring Street is a four-story warehouse that's been turned into artists' lofts. You find another handwritten note by the front door buzzers that says: MISFITS—RING FOURTH FLOOR FOUR TIMES.

You ring the buzzer four times and the door buzzes open. Someone is home, but are you sure that's good news?

The fourth floor is completely dark. Too dark.

You step out of the elevator into the blackness. Your heart pounds, and your hands are poised, karate fashion. Ready to defend yourself, you walk down the hall until you come to a door—an unlocked door.

You open it and step into a darkened loft. It's bare and there's no one in it. Whoever let you into the building is gone.

That's when the door slams behind you. Someone was outside in the hall. The door lock has the last word—*click!* How are you going to escape?

.....
If you want to call to someone on the street for help, turn to page 43.

If you want to climb down the fire escape, turn to page 48.

With the jewels lying on the floor of the jet, in full view of Lt. Henderson, Gabriella has no choice but to confess.

"It's all true. Everything she's said," Gabriella says, fluffing her real brown hair. "My brother and I are out of cash—thanks to his extravagant spending. A month ago he told me we were going to have to sell the jewels to raise money. Sell this perfect necklace? I couldn't stand the idea. Without it, my life would never be perfect again."

"So you wore a very expensive brown wig to the mansion that day," you chime in. "It was so real-looking that no one suspected it wasn't your own hair. In the dark, you grabbed the jewels and put them *under* the wig." Gabriella nods.

"You were planning this all along, then," Lt. Henderson says.

"No," Gabriella insists. "Not until the night of the press party. When Pizzazz came in with that story about Jem stealing the necklace, it gave me the idea to do it—and let Jem take the blame. I approached Richard that night and asked him to help me." She smiles down at him, and it's obvious to everyone that they've fallen in love.

.....
Turn to page 17.

Under cover of the night, you and the Holograms sneak across the parking lot of the River Cafe and peer into Richard's car.

"It's filled with suitcases," Kimber exclaims.

"He's gotta be taking a trip because no one changes his clothes this much on a dinner date. Score one for you, Jem," Aja says.

"Let's have a look at these suitcases," Shana says, reaching for the handle of the car door.

"Wait a minute, you guys," you say. "What if the car has an—"

Your voice is cut off before you can say the word *alarm*—by the world's loudest, most devastating car alarm.

"Who invented this alarm? A heavy metal band?" Shana screams, holding her ears.

Suddenly a crowd pours out of the restaurant. Leading the way are Richard and Gabriella. The instant she sees you, Gabriella freaks.

"Stop them, Richard!" she screams. "They're stealing my jewels!"

.....
Turn to page 30.

The next morning Pizzazz, Roxy, and Stormer take over watching you. The Misfits are terrible Scrabble players, but at least they bring a TV.

Pizzazz's plan is working. According to the TV news, the police are convinced you ran off with the Langley Jewels and they've declared an all-out search for you in three states.

You've got to escape. But how *can* you when someone is always watching you?

.....
If you think you can talk Stormer into letting you go, turn to page 36.

If you think you can trick Bruno, turn to page 22.

Uh-oh. Someone's coming and it's got to be whoever locked you in this loft. The lights snap on. There stands Pizzazz, her hands on her hips and a mean smile on her face. Her tiger-skin leotard, leather miniskirt, and silver-studded, over-sized black leather jacket are supposed to make her look like she's ready for a fight. But she looks like Shirley Temple compared to the enormous man next to her. You couldn't measure him in feet. You'd have to measure him in stories. He's also wearing more earrings than you are, and three of them are in his cheeks!

"This is Bruno. He's a wrestler," Pizzazz says. "Bruno, no one comes in, and for sure, *she* doesn't go out."

"Why have you kidnapped me?" you ask.

"We haven't kidnapped you," Pizzazz says. "We just got tired of your following us around, so we set a trap—and you walked right into it. We'll only keep you here for a few days. That'll be long enough to convince your public that you took off after stealing the Langley Jewels."

"It doesn't matter how long you keep me here," you say. "If you stole the necklace, you'll pay for it."

Bruno growls at you threateningly.

.....
Turn to page 15.

You run out of the River Cafe once your fans start to close in on you. What you've got to say is not for public ears.

When you and the Holograms are outside you cry, "Richard stole the necklace!"

"How did you figure that out?" Shana asks.

"The whole plan depended on the lights going out," you say. "And Amanda told me today that Richard set up the lights himself that night. He must have overloaded the circuits on purpose to make them blow a fuse."

"But you said Richard was behind his camera. He couldn't have grabbed the necklace unless his arms were twenty feet long," Aja says.

"I know that," you say. "He had an accomplice—the woman in the puffy red wig!"

"Who is it?" Kimber asks eagerly.

.....
If you know who owns a puffy red wig, count the letters in the person's first name. Then multiply by 5 and add 1. Now turn to the page with the same number as your answer.

If you don't know who owns a puffy red wig, follow one of the other suspects on page 29 until you find out. Then, as soon as you know who has a red wig, turn to the last page in this book. Don't forget—go to the last page in this book as soon as you know who has a red wig! Good luck.

It doesn't matter that Richard's too busy taking photos of Lance Pistol to talk to you. In fact, you think it will actually help your investigation. With all the action around here, who's going to notice "plain old" Jerrica Benton?

You've decided Amanda, Richard's assistant, is your best bet for easy information.

"This is so exciting," you gush to Amanda in a whisper when she takes a break. "Your job is so exciting!"

"It's hard work," Amanda says. "I do everything—set up the lights and power cords, load the film and lens the cameras. All that Richard has to do is click the shutter."

"Gee, I read in the paper you guys were at a robbery the other night," you say innocently.

"Yeah, a fuse blew and the lights went out. Too many lights on one circuit," Amanda says without emotion.

Apparently she doesn't see you circling in for the big question. "Was that your fault?" you ask.

"Lights don't go out when I string them," Amanda says. "I wasn't responsible that night. Richard laid the power cords himself that time."

Just then Richard calls Amanda back to work.

.....
Turn to page 31.

Richard's the target of your investigation today—and you're going after him alone.

"If I go as Jem, I won't be able to watch Richard close-up," you explain to Aja, as you borrow her baby blue jogging suit and push your hair back with a blue and white sweatband.

"Yeah—but even Jerrica can't get close to him if she doesn't know where he is!" Aja teases.

You pick up the phone and dial the Manhattan Dreams ad agency. When the receptionist answers, you say in a disguised voice, "Richard Gilley, please."

"He's out on a shoot," the receptionist says.

"I'm one of the models he's using today but I've lost the address of the shoot."

"You've lost the address of the Statue of Liberty?" says the stunned voice on the other end.

You hang up quickly and say, "See you later, Aja. I'm going sightseeing."

Turn to page 23.

Outside the Manhattan Dreams ad agency, no one on the street notices you as Jerrica Benton—and most importantly, Margaret Draper and Gordon Walsh won't recognize any of you, either. So the four of you can follow them everywhere. Sooner or later, they'll contact someone about the stolen gems—if they're guilty.

At seven in the morning, you follow Gordon and Margaret from their office to a restaurant, where they have a business breakfast with a client. Then they go back to the office. At noon, you follow them to a restaurant for a business lunch. Then they go back to the office. At three they go for a coffee break with a client before a late-night business dinner—with more clients!

Turn to page 35.

You race for the front door of the Langley mansion and catch a slow, boring, but safe bus back to the city.

In your suite at the Plaza Hotel, you have the spotlight while the Holograms are an eager audience.

"According to the insurance man, Gabriella has a definite motive for stealing her own necklace—to collect on the five-million-dollar insurance policy," you explain.

"She'd have the money *and* the necklace," Aja says.

"Right, but she's not going to stick around here with them," you say. "I happened to see two airline tickets to Greece. Gabriella's name was on one, but I didn't have time to read the name on the second one."

"It must be Charles," Aja says. "He's her brother and they're his jewels too."

"No one with eyes as blue as Charles's could do something rotten like this," Kimber says.

"Well, we've got to find out who's planning to leave the country with her," Shana says.

"Looks like we have more investigating to do," you sigh.

Gabriella grabs the envelope Kimber just found in her suitcase. "It's Charles's handwriting," she says, ripping it open violently. Then she reads the letter aloud. It tells the whole story:

Dear Gabby,

I'll bet you're disappointed to find this letter in your suitcase instead of the family necklace. But think how I felt when I finally realized that my own little sister was the one who stole our inheritance.

The two airline tickets to Greece—one for you and one for that photographer friend of yours—tipped me off. After that I put one and one together and got five million—the size of the insurance check for the jewels.

I don't know how you hid the necklace. The police searched us so well! However you did it, it was very clever. Too bad you weren't so clever about hiding the jewels at home. It didn't take me long to find them in your shoe closet. I know you so well.

By the way, forget about going to the police. They'll never find me. And besides—then you'd have to admit that *you* stole the necklace in the first place. Of course, if someone else finds this letter before you do, you can also kiss the insurance money good-bye. Good luck, little sister, and good-bye.

Charles

THE END

.....
Turn to page 29 and choose whom to follow next.

The next morning while you're eating breakfast on the terrace of your hotel room, you get a big surprise of your own. Splashed across the front page of the newspaper is a huge photo of you—hitting Pizzazz! The headline reads: COSTUME JEWELRY QUEEN PASTES HER RIVAL.

Two minutes later the telephone rings. It's Mecca Jewelry calling to fire you as their model. "We've decided that's not the kind of excitement we're looking for."

"But it's not fair," you say unhappily.

You've lost the modeling job, but that won't stop Jem and the Holograms from writing a new song called "It's Not Fair." And guess what? The single goes platinum in two days and the music video wins five awards! The next time your picture hits the front page of the newspaper, the headline says: JEM: PERFORMER OF THE YEAR. You send a dozen copies to the Misfits with a note that simply says "thanks."

THE END

Eric Raymond doesn't give you much of a choice about singing with the Misfits. It's either go on stage now or face more bad publicity. Okay, you'll sing with them. But one thing's for sure—it's not going to go down the way *he* plans.

First you're going to thank the Misfits *on stage* for agreeing to give half the profits from the concert to charity! That should be a great surprise to them. Then you're going to congratulate Pizzazz for deciding to retire from show business while she's still young.

It's a good plan. Too bad you've never been to a Misfits concert before.

The minute you hit the stage, the fans hit you with garbage, water, and someone even throws a dead mouse! But hey—how could you know? At *your* concerts, your fans throw flowers and small stuffed animals at your feet.

So your plan is a total failure.

You'd better get hosed down, take a bath *and* a shower, change your clothes, and then . . .

.....
You can follow another suspect on page 29.

Or if you want to go to the address you found on the note in the Misfits' dressing room, turn to page 55.

An around-the-world dream tour starring the world's two top pop groups? It's too good to pass up! You and the Holograms immediately rush back to the Plaza Hotel and stay up all night packing your wardrobe.

Early the next morning, you board a private jet and say good-bye to New York City and the Misfits, to the photography shoots for the jewelry ads and to the Langley Jewels. And you also say good-bye to the mystery of the *Jewels in the Dark*. It's a mystery that would have drawn you into a strange whirlpool of action and suspense *on that very same day*! But since you left town, the mystery never happens. And so this is . . .

THE END

You and the Holograms split up in the airport terminal, checking TV monitors for the flight that Richard and Gabriella took. Who knows where Shana, Kimber, and Aja have gone. But *you* choose a flight to Greece that's leaving in two minutes. You've got to get on that plane and hope that Richard and Gabriella are on it too.

Hold it. The security check! How are you going to get through the gate without an airplane ticket?

Thinking quickly, you flash them an old ticket that was buried in the bottom of your purse.

.....
Turn to page 20

As you bump along in the cab toward Briar House, the family estate of Charles and Gabriella Langley, you happen to catch a look at yourself in the mirror. What a joke! Your hair is brushed back from your face, your skirt and sweater are boring beige, and as for makeup, all you're wearing is a little eyeliner. But that's the look you need in order to fool Gabriella Langley into giving you a servant's job at her mansion. How else are you going to snoop around for evidence against her?

The trouble is you don't even know if there's a job opening at Briar House!

The cab drives through the richest area of Long Island, until it pulls up at Briar House. You jump out and ring the buzzer.

"May I help you?" asks the tall elderly man in a butler's uniform who opens the door.

"I'm here to apply for a job," you say anxiously.

"Which one?" asks the butler. "We need a maid and Ms. Langley needs a social secretary."

Bingo! There's not one job available—but two! Which one will you try for?

Carefully you pick up a hallway extension phone, hoping to hear a clue about Gabriella's private life. What you hear is a man talking rapidly to Mrs. Hotchkiss, who is giggling.

"You and I are like peanut butter and jelly, pretzels and beer, tacos and indigestion. I'm telling you, Millie Hotchkiss, we belong together, and if you're half as smart as I think you are, you'll put down that phone right now and marry me. What do you say, Millie?"

"Bert, there's another call coming in," Mrs. Hotchkiss says. "I'll have to put you on hold."

Is she going to say yes to this romantic offer? What's taking her so long? Suddenly, you hear footsteps coming toward you. Before you can move, Mrs. Hotchkiss catches you in the hall with the phone in your hand.

"Just as I thought!" she shouts. "When I pushed the hold button, the light on the telephone didn't start flashing. I knew someone else was on my line. You're fired—get out!"

Maybe Mrs. Hotchkiss won this round. But she was wrong about the salt in the sauce. You'll prove it next time.

THE END

.....
If you choose the maid's job, turn to page 7.

If you want to be Gabriella's social secretary, turn to page

51.

So now you know who was wearing the red wig that night at the River Cafe. You've got to call the police and tell them everything you know.

You dash out of the thief's house as fast as you can, and to your surprise, run straight into Kimber, Aja, and Shana. They've got the limo parked just down the road.

"What are you doing here?" you ask your friends.

"Lieutenant Henderson called," Kimber explains as you climb into the car. "He said that if you're investigating this robbery alone, you'd better be careful. We got worried."

Lt. Henderson is just the person you want to talk to. So you dial his number on the car phone and tell him everything you've figured out about Richard and his accomplice. While you're talking, someone comes out of the house.

"There she is! She's leaving with suitcases!" Shana screams, practically breaking your eardrum.

"She's wearing the red wig," Aja adds, twice as loudly.

"Follow them," Henderson says over the phone.

An hour later you're still on her tail when she stops to pick up Richard, who also has his luggage packed.

You'd better not lose them now!

.....
You know who she is. So count the letters in her name, and add 15. Then turn to the page with that number.